

The ISOLATED CONTINENT

A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

By GUIDO VON HORVATH and DEAN HOARD

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SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hannibal Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with President Prudent critically ill. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Werdenstein of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Clrynth, but dies before he can tell the location of the place.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

One of them, noticeable for his tall, upright figure, clear eyes and bronzed face, hastened to the helioboard; he was followed by a short man, whose roundness more than made up for his lack of height. The tall man with the bronzed face eagerly watched the sparkling news, as he had been cut off from any form of communication on the Tube Line for fourteen hours. The sparks at that moment were printing some uninteresting commercial news, but soon the following notice appeared:

"The cremation of the ex-President, Hannibal Prudent, will be held at 4:00 p. m. Thursday."

"Too late!" whispered the stranger sadly, removing his hat. "Friend Santos, we are too late. How happy, how contented he would have been had he received the news I wanted to give him personally before he left." He took the arm of his friend. "Come, Santos, we have some hard work in store."

They took the elevator to the aeration of the depot, where they boarded the south-bound aero bus. A few minutes later they landed at the terrace of the American Hotel.

The same morning Astra received several committees offering their sympathies and condolences. When the last one had gone she sank exhausted on a couch. She had rested but a moment when a servant brought in a card. She sighed wearily and made a motion of dissatisfaction when she read the name "Ambrosio Hale."

The man was admitted. As he entered he bowed deeply before the weary girl who stood there in her black gown, looking like an angel of sorrow. The exquisite face had taken on a new beauty through her affliction, which the newcomer quickly noticed. "I have come, my poor, suffering girl, as a friend of your father. During these days of sorrow your wom-



Astra Had Long Ago Discovered Some Bestial Trait in Him.

an's heart needs the aid of a strong man. Your father honored me with his intimate friendship, and I want to offer you my services."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Hale. Your kindness touches me. It is good to know that there are friends upon whom I can count during these sad days. My beloved father, however, made such far-reaching arrangements that I hardly think there is any need of your assistance. But I thank you with all my heart."

With these words she offered her hand to Hale, who retained it in his grasp greedily.

"I also want to tell you something confidential, my dear Astra: The Continental Club feels that 'his coming

election will bring the long expected event—that is, the nomination of the first woman President. And the eye of the Continental Club rests on you!"

Astra smiled serenely. "Should the country select me for its executive, I shall be glad to serve, and I will do my best to carry out the plans formed by my father for the furtherance of the United Republics."

She looked at the man whose ferret-like eyes could not leave her face, whose thick lips were parted, showing a row of gleaming teeth. In spite of his handsome appearance Astra had long ago discovered some bestial trait in him, and had often wondered how her father could extend his friendship to such a man. These thoughts flitted through the brain of the girl, then an afterthought came and she asked:

"Mr. Hale, can you give me any information in regard to a place I cannot find?"

"I will do my best, my dear Astra," said Hale, as Astra hesitated.

"Do you know a town, a district, village or any other place by the name of 'Clrynth?'"

Mr. Hale thought for a moment, then admitted that he had never heard of the place.

Astra felt some satisfaction.

As Hale left the crystal palace, he met the tall, bronzed man who had arrived on the fourteen-hour limited from San Francisco that morning, on the broad stairway that led up to the main entrance. He eyed the sunburnt athletic man curiously; the man, notwithstanding his modish style of dress, looked a stranger.

In the hall, he handed his card to the waiting servant without a word. The servant looked at it and saw but one name:

"Napoleon Edison."

As the stranger had no appointment, Astra told the servant to advise him that she could not receive anyone until Thursday evening, after the cremation of her father's earthly remains.

Edison shook his head somewhat impatiently.

"If you say it is her wish not to see me until Thursday evening, I must wait notwithstanding the importance of my mission."

He turned, left as hurriedly as he came. His whole being seemed surcharged with energy.

Napoleon Edison met his short friend Santos on the roof garden before the hourly stylograph. The round, ruddy cheeked man was watching the helioboard with interest. He enjoyed the great city immensely, and at that moment he was laughing heartily at the comic section shown on the board. The newspaper was reproducing some funny pictures made by a Chicago artist in the early days of the twentieth century. "I have never seen such amusing brain products in my life," he said.

Edison smiled at the amusement of the man he called Santos. Taking his arm, he led him to the elevator. This time they went to the subway tube and, after making some inquiries of the guard, Edison bought two tickets for New York. It took two hours for them to make the journey between Washington and New York.

After they left the train, the two elbowed their way through excited and mourning crowds. Santos could hardly keep pace with the long strides of Edison. They turned into Forty-second street from the avenue and hurried into the Hippodrome, an immense, but very old structure, a relic of the nineteenth century.

The continental party had gathered in this building and a somewhat stout woman was speaking when the two strangers entered. The audience listened to the woman with intense attention; her pleasant, strong contralto voice filled the great hall and she brought out important points in her address with decisive strokes.

Edison and Santos stopped and listened.

"To whom do we owe all these blessings? To whom must we give thanks for the thousands of other things that add comfort to home life, travel and national existence? To whom but the man whose soul has left the clay and entered the land of peace: Hannibal Prudent, ex-President of the United Republics of America."

"I know that many of the sectionalists and internationalists say we are isolated from the countries that gave us our ancestors; I know that the sectionalists think the isolation was an outrage against our further development

in art, literature and science. They think these things, but we continentalists know differently.

"It is true no Italian singers can be imported to please the ears of the wealthy; it is true that we cannot add ancient pictures to our collections of masterpieces; it is true that the yachts of our rich cannot make a tour of the Mediterranean; but compare our losses with our gains!

"Since the isolation we have created our American art! Does not that alone pay for our isolation?"

"Our singers sing the airs of our country; our artists paint pure, beloved objects and scenes known to all of us."

"Look at our magnificent, lofty architecture, our terraces and roof gardens at our reversible street covers, at the swinging gardens, tube and aerial roads. These are our own—these are not influenced by foreign education. We created them ourselves."

She stopped for a moment, stretched out her shapely arm and continued:

"Before the isolation of our continent, we were a mixture of all the nations of the world; today we are a nation complete in ourselves. There are no English, Irish, Dutch, German, Italians or Spaniards left. These nationalities have merged and produced the citizen of America."

Her voice sank lower and vibrated with emotion.

"A new item has sparkled through the country, a bit of news even more heart-breaking than the news of the departure of the greatest man our country has produced. I mean the news that our stronghold is near its breakdown, that European scientists have discovered the way to invade our isolation. I pray that the news is untrue, but should it be true, then we will have to prepare for defense."

"Compatriots, true citizens! Who can fill the executive chair more satisfactorily than the one who, throughout her whole life, has been prepared for it? I call to you and ask you to give your best judgment for the cause and with one heart and one thought nominate for the continentalist candidate the daughter of Prudent, Astra Prudent—"

Here she was interrupted by a heavy voice thundering:

"No female rule for me."

That was all he could say, as his voice flattened out behind a healthy slap delivered resoundingly on the disturber's mouth. The hand and arm that administered this rebuke belonged to Napoleon Edison. With a strong jerk he turned the surprised man toward the door and he was carried on and on as if he were a wreck being tossed by stormy waves. When order was restored, the speaker continued:

"With all my heart I trust Miss Prudent will be the nominee of the continentalists. Those who agree with me, kindly stand up!"

As one body the audience rose and 50,000 voices thundered "Hurrah! for the continentalist nominee!"

Then the orator sat down.

Astra, in her own room in the crystal palace, saw and heard through the electro-stylograph the whole proceedings of the New York continental party in the Hippodrome. She had raised her hand to disconnect her machine when a man from the audience asked for the right to speak.

According to the rules of the party, all who desired had the right to make an address, so this request was readily granted. Since no one asked for this man's name, it was not disclosed. He walked calmly forward, closely followed by a short, fat man who stopped only when his tall friend mounted the platform. This tall man was dressed in a gray traveling suit.



NEWEST IDEA IN EDUCATION

Cinematograph Films Are to Be Put to Use in the Higher German Schools.

According to official information recently received by the United States bureau of education, the use of moving pictures in education has had a significant impetus in German government circles. The Prussian ministry of education is now considering the feasibility of employing cinematograph films in some of the higher educational institutions, as applicable to certain courses of instruction, and a number of film manufacturers have been given an opportunity to show the authorities what films they have that are adapted to educational purposes.

A well known philanthropist has recently donated two full equipped moving picture machines to the schools of Berlin, one to be used in the Continuation Institute for Higher Teachers and the other in the high schools of Great Berlin. Moving picture films are

instead of mourning, but on his arm was a broad black band.

All the attention of the great audience was centered on the athletic figure and the sunburnt, frank face of the young man. Astra's instrument showed these details to her as plainly as if she were sitting in one of the boxes, and she was thrilled as his eyes seemed to look straight into hers.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. "I have a message to deliver to the political party in which I believe; do not ask me how I happen to be the instrument that was selected to convey this message to you, but I beg of you to seriously consider my words."

"You have all heard or read about the warning that came to our dear dead, the ex-President, Hannibal Prudent."

There was silent emotion in his voice when he mentioned that name.

"That warning is only too true. Our enemies, defeated fifty years ago, have found a way to break through our isolation; they have spent these fifty years planning revenge! We can, through Hannibal Prudent's efforts, put off their invasion for one year, which will give us a little time to prepare for defense. Continentalists, my brothers in conviction, spread strength and faith through the mighty land, as God has given us, just as he did fifty years ago, a man to liberate this country from the oppressor's hand. God, in his infinite goodness, has given us another instrument to repel the storming enemies."

His voice filled the great hall; his words were convincing through the sincerity of the orator.

As he opened his mouth to speak again, the large helioboard began to show many colored zig-zag sparks and the audience watched it in apprehension; the whole atmosphere was charged with an inexplicable feeling of expectation. Not a person moved until the man on the platform stepped quickly down to the operating table of the electro-stylograph and adjusted the instrument into the right receiving socket. The sparking ceased and blurred, but discernible, a picture appeared.

As the audience stared the pictures became somewhat clearer and they saw what appeared to be tremendous sea monsters lying immovable on the bosom of the ocean. The huge bulks of metal, showing unknown forms of warfare, were pointed menacingly at the silent audience, which was representative of the fifty years just past; the comparison showed clearly that the science and genius of the Europeans had only produced a perfection of death-dealing instruments, while the Americans had advanced in science, art, literature and a general development of the human race.

The great audience, which had been so enthusiastic, now sat as motionless as a bird that has been charmed by a snake, intently watching the wonderful picture that moved and changed incessantly; huge airships of an improved type, resembling the old style Zeppelin, glittered brightly, as they moved with ponderous grace.

Every conceivable form of mono and bi-plane came gliding by; and each and every form of locomotion carried unmistakable signs of their destiny—a machine of destruction.

As the pictures vanished a sigh issued from every heart and a rustle of relaxation stirred the multitude. Many turned toward the platform, hoping to see the man who had last spoken, but he was gone.

By the time the people who had been favored by a sight of the enemies' destructive forces, began to leave the hippodrome, that young man was on his way to the capital. He was none other than Napoleon Edison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

DEFINITION OF TRUE FRIEND

Trips Alliance of the Three Great Powers, Love, Sympathy and Help —Other Versions.

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

A jewel whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who multiplies joys, divine griefs, and whose honesty is inviolable.

One who loves the truth and you and will tell the truth in spite of you.

The triple alliance of the three great powers, Love, Sympathy and Help.

A watch which beats true for all time and never runs down.

A permanent fortification when one's affairs are in a state of siege.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

A balancing pole to him who walks across the tight rope of life.

The link in life's long chain that bears the greatest strain.

A harbor of refuge from the stormy waves of adversity.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

The jewel that shines brightest in the darkness.

A stimulant to the nobler side of our nature.

A volume of sympathy bound in cloth.

A diamond in the ring of acquaintance.

A star of hope in the cloud of adversity.

PUZZLE OF SANDWICH MEN

One Must Devote Time to Study What is Supposed to Be Advertised in the Signs.

These sandwich men are all mixed up. Can you put their signs in the



Sandwich Men Puzzle.

right order so as to show what they are supposed to advertise?

When properly arranged the signs of the sandwich men read as follows: "Big Show Tonight."

About Finger Nails.

A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune.

Pale or lead colored nails indicate melancholy people.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid, and bashful nature.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit.

Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

People with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh, and persecution by neighbors and friends.

Who Said It?

Edward Coke, the English jurist, was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"When Greek joins Greek, then is the tug of war," was written by Nathaniel Lee in 1603.

"Variety's the spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear," were coined by Cowper.

Edward Young tells us, "Death loves a shining mask," and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

"Of two evils I have chosen the less," and "The end must justify the means," are from Matthew Prior.

A Memorial Performance.

Boy—Please, sir, I'll have to be out this afternoon.

Bose—That so? Gran'ma's funeral—what?

Boy—Yes, sir. Then we're going to the circus as a mark of respect. Gran'ma loved a circus!—Judge.

Easy Marks.

Schoolmistress—Master Isaac, what wrong did the brothers of Joseph commit when they sold their brother? Isaac—They sold him too cheap.—London Tit-Bits.